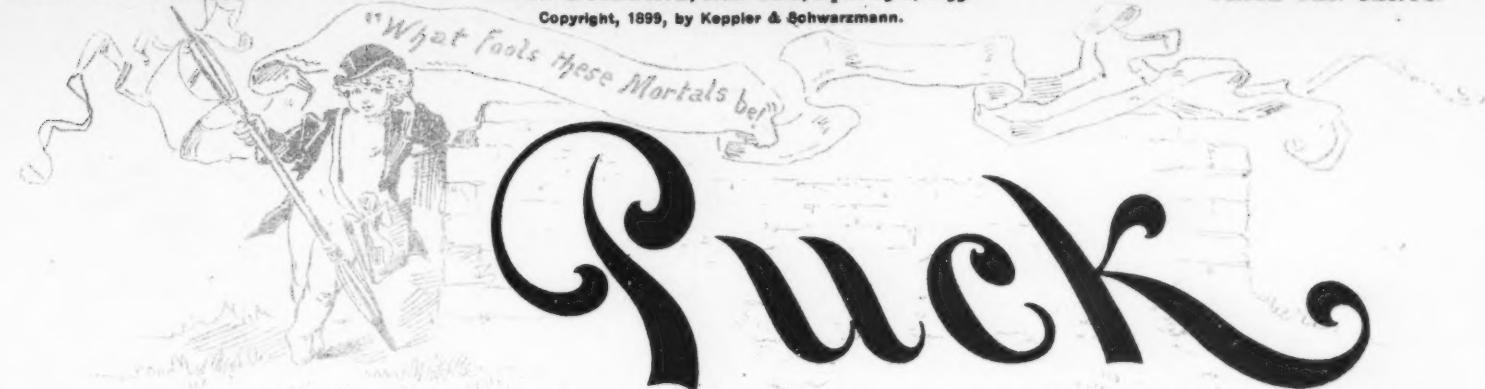


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THE WRITING ON THE WALL.



#### WHERE THE TALENT LAY.

**THEATRICAL MANAGER.** — Who is the highest-priced man in the company? Why, MacBooth; he plays *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Richard*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Richelieu*, *Josh Whitcomb*, *Colonel Sellers* and *Davy Crockett*!

**COUNTRY HOTEL CLERK.** — Gosh! Talented, ain't he?

**THEATRICAL MANAGER.** — Talented! I should say he was! Why, the cuss does all our own bill-posting for us, too!

#### PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF LITTLE PLATO SMITH.

There ain't no necessity for me to study grammar.

Pa says there ain't no show for General Miles to be President, 'cause canned meat ain't used enough by folks who can lay their dyspepsia to it to elect him.

Folks up here where we live have kind o' got over their patr'otism. Jim Juddby, our hero of the Spanish war, can't borrow no more money at all.

Pa says that usu'lly the feller that's called "an intimate friend of the fam'ly" is just a plain liar.

If figures won't lie, how does it come that my 'rithmetic examination was marked zero?

It's the tone of voice that makes swear-words wicked.

Seems to me that a feller would get educated faster if teachers

was n't always strainin' themselves to prove to him that what he knows is true ain't so.

Pa says expansion is just inflammation, like too much green fruit.

I dunno what all I'd do if I was President of the United States, but I bet you I'd buy a good dog, for one thing.

*David Henry.*

#### POSITIVE PROOF.

"He's more or less of a chump, I think."

"A chump? Why, the man actually thinks he can form an impartial opinion of himself!"

**ADAM'S ENTRANCE** into matrimony was like that of a good many men nowadays; he went into it with his eyes shut.



#### NO CHANCE FOR HIM.

**JESSIE.** — Don't you think his intentions are serious?

**KATE.** — Yes; but his attentions are ridiculous.



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## FLAT-LIFE REVEALED.

**F**EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE, on looking through the advertisements in my morning paper for a new cook, I see that some city flat-owners offer, as a special inducement, to furnish pianos, free, to renters of their flats," remarked Mr. Isolate, of the suburb of lovely Lonelyville, to a city friend across their "beans and—" in one of the New York quick lunch restaurants, at noon, the other day. "They also advertise, 'children, dogs, cats and parrots barred.' Well, these ads. might tend to make me a trifle discontented with my lot out in beautiful Lonelyville, in my little easy-monthly-payment cottage, if it were not for the fact that I happen to have a Harlem friend, a Mr. Pincherflat, who lives in one of these buildings to which I refer, called the Arcadia, Millennium, or something of that sort, and who invites me up to dine with him now and then, just to demonstrate the superiority of his mode of existence to that which I lead out in 'the dismal suburbs,' as he terms them, and to make me feel generally miserable.

"I have noticed that in the flats where children are excluded, the rule does not apply to the family of the janitor, and that he invariably has as many offspring as a confirmed Brooklyn borough man. Cats may be barred, but every time I have been in my friend's flat a derelict cat from some neighboring flat has fallen down the air-shaft from the roof, and there have been several strange felines holding a Wagnerian cycle on the fire-escape. Though there are no dogs or parrots in the same house with him, there is a dog or a parrot on each floor of the flat-building on either side, whose owners can never be gotten at and argued with.

"At half-past six o'clock at night all the free pianos begin playing 'The Maiden's Prayer,' each in a different key, and some in rag-time. Pincherflat leans back luxuriantly in his Morris chair, which takes up two-thirds of the room in the spacious eight-by-eleven foot parlor and drawls: 'Now, own up to it, old pumpkinduster, is n't this the perfection of life?'"

Con. C. Converse.

## My Calendar

I NEVER KNOW what date it is,  
And when my friends ask why  
I hesitate quite bashfully  
And pass the subject by.

The maiden on my calendar  
Laughs at me every day,  
Yet I have not the courage  
To send that page away.

If she would once be serious  
Perhaps we should remember  
That she was sketched for August  
And this month is December.

She wears a quaint, short-waisted gown,  
And half-turns, smiling, mocking;  
A Summer breeze has touched her dress  
To show a white silk stocking.

Her satin slippers, without heels,  
Are quite absurd, I know,  
To stand on tiptoe in just now  
When we expect the snow.

Short puffs for sleeves, and long silk mitts,  
A pink scarf floating free;  
From depths of French poke bonnet  
Her glances follow me.

Swinging a small pink sunshade,  
That she never cares to use,  
She smiles and asks me, "Shall I stay?"  
And how can I refuse? J.



AUGUST						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			



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## HER SAD MISTAKE.

ARABELLA (*convulsively*). — Oh, heavens, Gertrude! *Wot a hit!*

GERTRUDE (*sighing*). — And to t'ink, Arabella, dat only yistidday I shook de feller dat made it fer de guy dat muffed it!

## THE DRAMA AT THE DEAF-AND-DUMB ASYLUM.



IT WAS a gala night at the Deaf-and-Dumb Asylum. The long-anticipated amateur theatrical performance, given by a few talented inmates of the institution for the amusement of their fellows, was about to become an accomplished fact.

The piece—a stirring melodrama—had been carefully and thoroughly rehearsed, and the actors, all dead-letter perfect in their parts, were in their dressing-rooms, putting the finishing touches to their make-ups with deft fingers, or nervously testing the nimbleness of these versatile organs for the approaching ordeal of sign language. Before the curtain the audience was silently assembling, smilingly congratulating one another upon the occasion and amiably adjusting misunderstandings as to reserved seats with twinkling fingers. The silence was only broken by the scraping of chairs and the rustling of the ladies' gowns, the project not having included anything so entirely superfluous as an orchestra.

At eight o'clock, precisely, the curtain rose upon a stillness that would have been disconcerting to performers who depended upon their ears for encouragement, and the play began. The opening scenes passed briskly off; the entrance of the hero in soldier-clothes was greeted with a universal burst of digital congratulation, and as the plot unfolded itself to the delighted eyes of the audience the interest rose to fever-heat.

Under other circumstances a certain incongruity might have been perceived in the sentimental scenes where the ordinary routine of stage love-making had to be modified slightly in order to accommodate the peculiar medium of the dialogue; but the spectacle of a lover with his arms about his mistress's neck, apparently occupied in doing up her hair with his disengaged fingers; and the lady, in alternation, reciprocating this intimate attention by knitting her admirer a pair of invisible socks, offered no suggestion of the ludicrous to their entirely sympathetic audience.

It was a little awkward, perhaps, in the second act, where the comic servant telegraphed rapidly to the unconscious back of the hero, "Fly, Master! The enemy are upon us!" several times before the absorbed protagonist remembered that he should be facing up stage and obligingly turned around; but the enemy, conspicuously waiting in the wings, were in no particular hurry, so no great harm was done, if, indeed, the dramatic suspense of the incident was not even heightened.

All went swimmingly until the fourth act where the heroine, as is usual in this sort of play, fell into the hands of the villain of the piece, played, owing to a shortage of talent among the deaf-and-dumb, by one of the attendants of the asylum. This gentleman, though an expert in sign-language, was naturally not in full sympathy with the rest of the cast, and in the excitement of the scene became oblivious of the rehearsed procedure and of the peculiar conditions of the performance. When, therefore, the heroine, who had duly wandered into the depths of a remote and inaccessible forest in the usual white muslin gown, silk stockings and slippers, had given him his cue in a tremulous confession that, Heaven help her! she was lost! he rushed down-stage from his place of concealment behind a set tree, and seizing both her wrists in a grip of iron, glared at her in hateful triumph.

This was her cue to say, "Unhand me, villain!" and



## A GRAND TIME.

DUNNIGAN.—Haw, haw, haw! Faix there 'd be the devil to pay thin!

FLANAGAN.—Phwat 's wrong wid yez?

DUNNIGAN.—Shure, Oi wore just 't'inkin', phwat av the Fourt' av July should happen to fall on St. Patrick's Day some year!

WEARY WILLY'S ATTRACTIVENESS;  
OR,  
HOW HE PROCURED A SQUARE MEAL.

I.  
WEARY WILLY.—Well, 'pon my word! some kid has lost dis 'ere big magnet. Feel sorry fer der kid, 'cause t' ain't goin' t' be no use t' me.



II.  
"But, as it looks somet'in' like a horse-shoe, I'll just tie it onto the end of me stick for luck."



III.  
"Here's dis hardware store wot dey kicked me outen de odder day. May be dey won't be so cross ter day. I'll go in."

the audience, experienced in such matters, waited with parted lips to see her defiance. But the words, for obvious reasons, did not come. The prompter's fingers emerged from the side of the proscenium arch and practically repeated the necessary speech with cracking knuckles. The heroine struggled violently with her assailant, striving to free her captive organs of speech, but all in vain. Her captor, full of the spirit of the situation, had quite forgotten her disabilities and held on firmly. The audience rose in silent clamor, gesticulating wildly; the heroine gave it up and fainted away, and the curtain fell upon a melancholy fiasco.

F. E. Chase.

## HIS STATUS.

LITTLE ELMER.—Papa, is n't a cynic a man who is tired of everybody?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—Yes; and of whom everybody is tired.

## TRYING TO BE FUNNY.

"Henry, it has been discovered that there is poison in all wall-paper."

"Well, don't worry about that; we may not have to eat any."

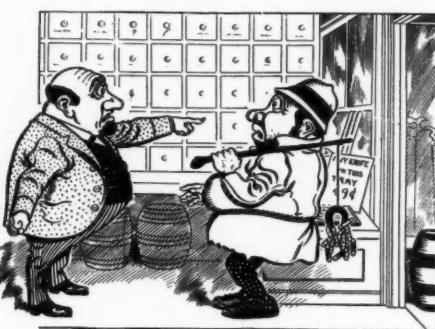
MONEY MAKES the mare go, and it has been known to accelerate the movements of the dark horse.



IV.  
"Yes, boss; I knows yer tolle me never t' come inter dis store, but—"



V.  
"I just wanted t' ask yer t' give me a couple o' nails t' use fer suspender buttons."



VI.  
STOREKEEPER.—Now, look here! I don't trust you. Get out of here just as quick as you can; back out, keep your eyes on me, and let me see both hands!



VII.

WEARY WILLY.—All right, boss! Just as you say. Dere's me hands. See dat I don't take nothin'. Good-day!



VIII.

(As he gets outside).—“Say! dat horseshoe magnet wot I found did n't bring no good luck! I 'll just 'row it a—Fer heaving's sake! what is dis?



IX.

(One hour later).—“It was kinder mean fer Isaacs t' give me only fifteen cents apiece on dose knives; but twenty knives at fifteen is t'ree dollars. Say! I 'm goin' t' use dat magnet on my coat-of-arms after dis.”

THE WAY OF A MAID.



Y SON, can you see through a grindstone? Have you solved the charade of the Sphinx?  
Have you mastered the squaring of circles, and dug up a few missing links?  
Well, perhaps, if you're patient and lucky, you'll learn how a Young Woman thinks.

Is she always dressed to receive you, and fleckless from slipper to glove?  
Does she always seem anxious to please you all Other Fellows above?  
My son, they prink for a conquest, but sit in the ashes with love.

When she bade Him walk to the club-house, but drove you down in her cart,  
You thought she was showing you favor? O Son! what a ninny thou art!  
Why, he knew that she knew that he knew who fared on that road with her heart!

She always asks you to linger, and hints that the other may go;  
And you almost feel sorrowful for him, she seems to be freezing him so;  
And is it for you she is melting? Well, Sonny, just ask and you'll know!

My Son, have you waked ere the weasel? Can you open the eyes of the blind?  
Have you dug up the end of the rainbow and mapped the ways of the wind?  
Well, try to be patient and lucky, and fathom a Young Woman's mind!

W. M. Gee.

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE.

FIRST ARTIST.—An artist has just as much right to roast the critics as the critics have to roast the artist.

SECOND ARTIST.—Of course; but the critics get paid for roasting and the artist does n't.



F. Ober

WANTS HIS MONEY.

ASKINS.—So it is true that the wheel-craze is subsiding?

HUMPER.—No; the man I bought mine from calls on me every month, just as rabid as ever!



HER VIEWS.

NOSCADDIS.—I suppose we are both extravagant!

MRS. NOSCADDIS.—Oh, no! We merely have extravagant tastes. We have n't money enough to be extravagant.

SUSPICIOUS.

EXHORTER.—Look on high, friend!

UNREGENERATE.—An' den youse 'll yell, “Rubberneck!” I guess nit!

HIS WAY.

“The editor of the *Weekly Culverin* appears to be a man who takes things as they come,” remarked the tourist.

“Aw, yes!” replied the landlord of the Occidental Hotel, at Boomopolis, Oklahoma. “The other day an irate subscriber bulged into the printin' office an' announced in a blood-shot voice that he had come to clean out the place; the editor ca'mly slapped a gun against his head an' made him do it.”

TWO ROOTS.

AUNTIE COLDWATER (*temporarily off her hobby*).—“Money is the root of evil—”

LITTLE TOMMY.—What's the matter with liquor, Auntie?

PUCK.

"PARLEZ VOOZE FRANKACE?"

MISS PHRASER herself a booklet had bought,  
And the name of the same was, "French  
Self-Taught."

"I guess I will startle the girls and the  
boys  
When they hear me spel the Parisian  
patois."

We walked by the sea till the hour grew  
late,  
And she said, "I'm not sure that this is  
*au fait*."

"T is my first visit here, but I've always been taught  
To do nothing that is n't quite *comme il faut*.

"My Pop had to stand a regular siege  
Ere he'd let me come here as the Jones's *protege*.

"They keep me strictly in strings here — but, tut !  
Just you come to St. Lou. when I make my *debut*.

"I'll show you St. Louie is all right, at that,  
For I'm going to make my *debut* with *eclat*.

"Down there I've a rep. for sparkle and wit,  
And you'll hear them repeating my last *jeu d'esprit*.

"My ball will leave the whole bunch in the lurch,  
For I'm going to have it simply *recherche*.

"It is n't as though I was 'out of my class,'  
And likely to make some dreadful *faux pas*.

"For I know just how all breaks to avoid,  
And I'll carry it off with the proper *sang froid*.

"And now let's go back, and the quicker the sooner,  
Or we'll get little sleep ere it's time for *déjeuner*."

Carl Currie.



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DISBANDED.

BRONCO BILL.—What become of that Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe that was billed here last week?

BUCKER BITTS.—Oh! they kind of disbanded. The boys lynched Legree, made Uncle Tom Mayor, the Sheriff married Eva, and the Injuns ate the dogs!

"LIVES OF GREAT MEN—"

FIRST BOY.—Did n't you hear the teacher say Sir Walter Scott was terrible dull when he went to school?

SECOND BOY.—Was he? That ought to be a lesson to these smart kids that wants to know it all.

AN ATTRACTIVE PROSPECT.

THE COOK (*answering advertisement for help*).—I never wor-ruk'd in a flat before.

THE MAID (*also answering advertisement*).

—Don't you like the idea?

THE COOK.—Oh! I'll thry it.  
They do be tellin' me yez can  
have fine ould rows wid de  
janitors.



INEVITABLE.

When the lion and  
the lamb do lie down  
together some pessimistic old crank will  
be sure to grunt:  
"Humph! Politics  
do make strange bed-  
fellows!"

HER INFERENCE.

MRS. CAPTAIN BRAGGINGTON.—My hus-  
band won renown on  
the tented field.

SALLY GAY.—Why, I  
did n't know he had ever  
traveled with a circus!

AN EXPLANATION.

HE.—How can those stores make money  
if they sell everything below cost?

SHE.—Why, I suppose they buy everything still  
further below cost!

O LIBERTY! the crimes that are done in thy name!  
Particularly the Yankee crime of not sounding the  
"r," which leaves thy name "Libutty!"



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PROFESSIONAL APPRECIATION.

"That," cried the great painter, ecstatically, as he surveyed his daughter's first attempt with a camera, where the cow was blurred into the rail-fence, and the rail-fence was blurred into the apple-orchard, and the apple-orchard blurred into the landscape generally; "that, my dear child, is not photography; — that is art!"



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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

## OUR TEARFUL ONES.

THE CAMPAIGN in the Philippines is distressing in any aspect, whether considered as a necessity or as a luxury. But there is a vast deal of superfluous hysteria over it. It is moving many estimable persons to seize the earth firmly and to try, by united tugging, to stop its revolutions. This spectacle is even less edifying than war. Our action in the Philippines is an incident in the assumption, Providentially ordained, of what Mr. Kipling calls the white man's burden. You may call it the white man's greed, if you like, or his ambition, or his innate perversity. It is a something, an unflagging impulse that keeps this crude mass of humanity in motion and the general average constantly rising. It is the least common denominator of humanity. To criticise obedience to it is to ignore the most salient fact in natural and political history.

Let such critics go back to the very cradle of the races and to the time when people first recorded history. From then to now it is but a bloody record of criminal aggression. Yet, whatever we have of civilization is the result of it — of invasion and conquest. No people has ever risen to greatness except by these means. The process has ever been the same: the Western Roman Empire falls under the attacks of the Gothic invaders. Criminal aggression, to be sure; but out of it take their rise the States of modern Europe. A great continent is invaded by Europeans and its unoffending inhabitants ruthlessly slaughtered. Criminal aggression, to be sure, but out of it come the Americas.

"Where in all history," demands a fervid soul in the *Evening Post*, "do we read of a more gallant resistance than that which the Philippine



## A CURIOUS CURIOSITY.

URAL VISITOR (in the dime museum).—Say, Mister! what's wonderful about this 'ere feller on the platform? He looks jest about like anybody else, except that he 'pears to be half-starved.

LECTURER.—Why, sir, he is the only country editor in America who does n't know all about the proper disposition to be made of the Philippines.

## COINCIDENCE.

"The lover, sighing like  
A furnace!" Now, that's funny;  
Because a lover, sighing thus,  
Is doubtless burning money.

## A MURMUR IN THE RANKS.

FIRST HEELER.—Ten dollars for a dinner! Gee!

SECOND HEELER.—'T ain't right! Ten dollars 'd pay for five votes.

## THE OUTLOOK.

"There's pretty sure to be a split in the Democratic ranks next election."

"It looks that way. If the leaders vote as they eat, harmony is impossible."

## HIS APPREHENSION.

"I don't know," said the millionaire, shaking his head dubiously; "it seems to me there are too many Trusts being formed."

"Indeed?" remarked the other man, arching his eyebrows.

"Yes. I'm afraid it's only a question of time when they'll compete with each other."

NO POLITICAL party can afford to whitewash its soiled linen just to save the wear and tear of laundering.

army is making?" That's the danger in reading the *Post* and its like. One risks infection with their spiritual jaundice. Here is a poor fellow so scoured with it that he gibbers. It is perhaps worth while to say for the benefit of other *Post* readers, who may not be so far gone, that there are very many places in "all history" where this phenomena may be read of, and we do not know of a better place to read of it than in the history of the United States of America. In truth the Filipinos have made no especially gallant resistance, while our own history is profusely enlivened with examples of it. The Filipinos can not be compared at all favorably with the brave and patriotic people of what we now designate as North America. No one can read the history of those people without thrilling with admiration for their dogged warfare against the white invader. They struggled gallantly for their sacred rights, but we took their land, slaughtered the most of them and reduced the remnants to the rank of subjects.

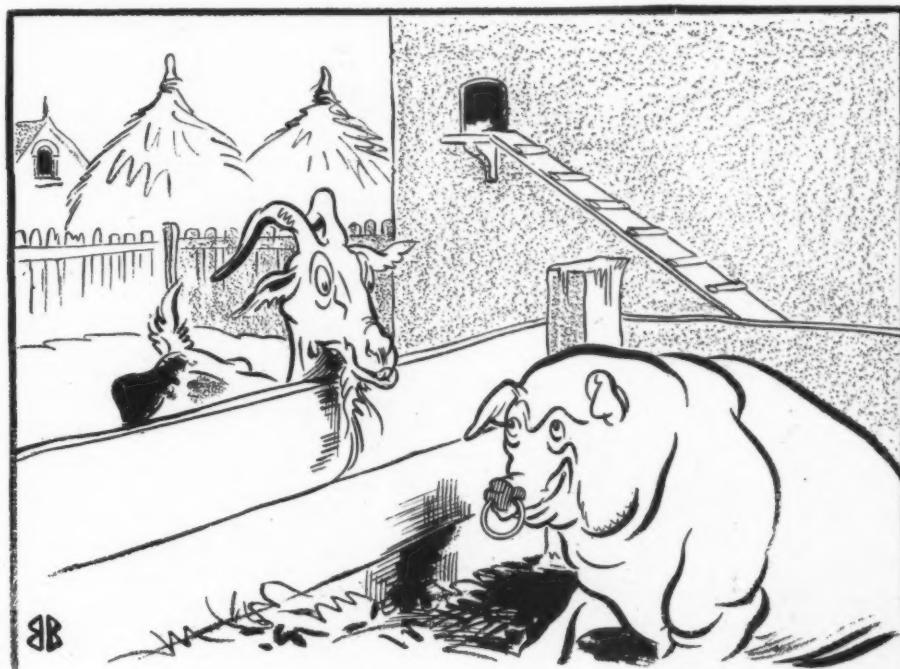
Why will not the hysterically-minded folks who write for and to a few papers like the *Post* take a good square look at such facts as this? If they are honest in their present contention they will not stay in this country one day longer. Senator Hoar will leave us, and the editor of the *Post* and Mr. Bryan and Mr. Schurz and William Lloyd Garrison, second of the name, and a large number of earnest and vivid-minded citizens. They surely can not stay upon ground that was taken from its owners without even the shadow of an excuse, except that we wanted it. If they own land here they must renounce it; for they hold it by virtue of slaughter in no way differing from that which they condemn in the Philippines. They will then start in search of a place whose inhabitants did not gain it by conquest. They will go first to England; but they can not stay there, for its present inhabitants gained it by the same criminal aggression. Then would they go to Normandy, perhaps; and be driven thence by their relentless consciences back to France, to Germany, to Italy, to Greece, to Egypt and finally to that fruitful starting place somewhere in Southwestern Asia. And since they would not find even there one foot of land that they or their tribes had not taken wrongfully they would in the end find themselves with nothing to stand on: which is precisely their position in the present controversy.

"At this time the country was occupied by the native dark races; but these were speedily subdued by the fair-skinned Aryans." That is the burden of the song of Time. We do not make the scheme but we are subject to it. To speak as the *Post* and some of its brethren do day after day is to make a perfectly silly exhibition of spite and littleness. Doubtless the Almighty could have made a world to suit the ideas of the *Evening Post*, but certainly He did not; and we are not sure that, if He had, we would have admired it any more than we do this one.

## A RANK OUTSIDER.

INKWELL.—There is n't much chance of a man making a fortune by writing poetry.

SCRIBBLES.—No; the average Pegasus is n't even a hundred-to-one shot.



A MATTER OF SENTIMENT.

THE GOAT.—Why on earth don't you take that horrid ring out of your nose?  
THE PIG.—Oh! er—you see—er—this was wished on!

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THE ANTI-EXPANSIONIST.



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THE BUNCO-STEERER.—I'm sure I've met you before!

THE OTHER PARTY.—Guess not! I was buncoed once by somebody that looked like you; but I don't think it was you.

#### SOME ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUCH AS OUR SUCCESSORS MAY SEE IN THE PAPERS OF 1996.

**FOR SALE.**—A good Rambler flying machine, been used only two months, for sale. Has the latest improved saddle and an aluminum steering gear, and warranted to sail two miles a minute. Will sell for \$17.25, or will exchange for a sunbeam condenser and \$3 cash. Address X. Y. Z., this office.

**FOR SALE**—A telautograph with the new photographic attachment. Will photograph a person or scene in one second and send the picture in its natural colors around the world in six minutes. Is perfect, and a bargain at \$4.37½. Reason for selling, death of former owner. Address 456789, this office.

**FOR SALE**—A property on 134th Street. Just completed. Contains every modern comfort. Sunbeam retorts in every room. All cooking and heating done by concentrated beams with automatic adjustments. Refrigerating pipes for summer. Every window fitted with balcony for air-ships. Electric elevators to the roof. Very convenient for modest family. Price, \$100,000.

**FOR SALE**—Cottages in the new aerial suburb, "Argontown." Reached by the Suburban Aerial Navigation ships, leaving City Hall every three seconds. This town is 2000 feet above the earth, and is firmly anchored to a number of aerial buoys. Pure air and plenty of light guaranteed. The city is right below this site and can be reached by parachute in five minutes. Location unsurpassed. Terms moderate. Apply Argontown Improvement Co.

**FOR RENT**—Rooms in the 80-story apartment house, 8888 South North Street. Excellent for people who wish to evade their creditors. Elevator concealed. Apply early.

**FOR RENT**—Two hall rooms in Captive Balloon flat. Air-ship free. New cloud evaporator prevents clouds and fogs. Rent cheap. Apply 76 North 67th Street.

**PERSONAL.**—If the man who surreptitiously removed that electric sunshade with parachute attachment from the hall of 5432 West 2345th Street does not return it, we will prosecute him for larceny. His name is known and begins with Dennis.

**FOUND**—An automatic thought-register; has been used to record only six thoughts. Probably lost by some dude, who can have it by applying at the Jink's building, 100th floor.

**PROPOSALS**—For changing the direction of the Gulf Stream. Proposals must include the directing of the ocean currents downwards toward Africa, and the changing of the Simooms. Bonds of \$2,000,000 must accompany the bids. No interference allowed with the weather conditions of the United States.

**HELP WANTED**—An active young man wanted to carry this journal to San Francisco and surrounding towns. Can spend his evenings in Chicago, so that he is back in time for the early delivery every morning. Must possess his own air-cycle. Apply this office.

**HELP WANTED**—Girls wanted to learn to manipulate our new electric sunbeam condensers. Good positions secured for adepts. Apply K. E. B., this office.

**HELP WANTED**—Lady wanted to take care of twins, take them out in their aerial perambulator, cook on our electric range and superintend the pneumatic automata about the house. Salary \$25 daily. Apply 41144 Policy Street.

**ANNOUNCEMENTS**—The citizens of Russia living in the United States are requested to go to Moscow to-morrow to help celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Russian Republic. Air ships leave every ten minutes, and excursionists will be able to catch return ships after the illuminations, so as to be back for bed time.

**ANNOUNCEMENT**—Mr. Paul Paulson, of Zenegambia, will lecture at the Auditorium to-night at 6 o'clock. Subject, "Why Zenegambia became a United States colony."

**MEDICAL.**—Beauty Balm. My own preparation. All skin-discolorations cured. Negros turned white after two applications. Indians made into albinos over night. Not to be confounded with other lotions. For sale room 234567, 111th floor, Botz Bldg.

**MEDICAL.**—A hypnotist, Prof. Fakir, is now prepared to treat all who desire to forget. Past troubles and sins are quickly and easily eradicated. Misspent lives, angry passions, bad language, etc., skillfully removed from the memory. 1, South oo Street.

**SITUATION WANTED**—By an experienced air-man as pilot or captain of an air-ship. Has had three years' experience on the Trans-Atmospheric Air Line. Familiar with all mountains and air currents. Comes well-recommended. Never had more than 200 accidents in all his career. Address, 5 Slum Street.

PUCK.

A GREETING.

EAR, my Lady Nicotine,  
Welcome back !  
For a month my thoughts have  
been

On thy lack.  
Let me feel again thy grace  
In my heart's increasing pace.  
Cigarettes in spirals trace,  
Welcome, Lady Nicotine !

I wax, Lady Nicotine,  
Fearful that  
My physique, supremely lean,  
Gather fat.  
All day wide-awake I keep,  
While o' nights too sound I sleep;  
So my briar's streamers sweep,  
Welcoming dear Nicotine.

Dear, my Lady Nicotine,  
Oath I give  
None shall come us two between  
While I live.  
And as for the maiden who  
Said it must be she or you —  
My cigar weaves crowns of blue  
For my mistress, Nicotine !

—  
Layton Brewer.

HIS TROUBLE.

MRS. GAGSMITH. — What is the matter,  
Pennington? You look worried.

PENNINGTON GAGSMITH (*a joke-writer*). — I am, my dear. I have  
here an excellent joke without a point, and a first-rate point without a  
joke; and to save my life I can't get 'em to form a partnership!

THE AVERAGE man is neither as thoughtful as he looks nor as thought-  
ful as he thinks.



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IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

MYNHEER VAN DER JAGG. — I don't — hic — I don't see what we're leaving the tavern for.

MYNHEER VAN DER TANK. — Oh! come on! We're going to another tavern.

MYNHEER VAN DER JAGG. — Well, that's — hic — that's *some* excuse!

THE NEWEST WOMAN.

LITTLE KATHARINE (*aged six years*). — I don't know yet what I'll  
be when I grow up — a co-ed, a ballet-dancer or a cook; but I suppose  
I'll be just a plain mother. Is n't it pitiful?

THERE ARE just as good sea-serpents in the sea as have ever been seen.



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ALAS !

JASPER (*during a temporary escape from the guests*). — I wish our acquaintances were not such infernal bores!

MRS. GRISELDA JASPER. — Well, my dear, most people's acquaintances are infernal bores, you know!

# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the  
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

**S-O-H-M-E-R**  
New York SOHMER BUILDING  
Warehouses, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

In the old nursery rhyme, "When the mouse ran up the clock," we presume the clock ran down.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*



## CRESCEENT BICYCLES

### CRESCEENT PRICES

have always been attractive. They have appealed to the fair-minded by their moderation and firmness.

Low enough to be practical, and high enough to cover a strictly high-grade product!

They are guaranteed prices and are rigidly maintained throughout the seasons.

The immense facility of our factory, the phenomenal sales and the economy in making, explain the price and the perfect product.

Catalogue No. 11, containing "The Care of the Wheel," Free.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS  
CHICAGO NEW YORK

A NICE young man, behold! Dress'd stylish as he could, Would better look, three-fold, If adding yet he would The

### •“BENEDICT”.

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,  
Broadway and Cortlandt St., New York.

WHITE.—I don't like to hear men refer to our business as channels of trade; it sounds altogether too suspicious.

BLACK.—What business are you in?

WHITE.—The milk business.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WHEN a woman's son marries, she never fully forgives him until he has had trouble with his wife and comes back to her for comfort.—*Atchison Globe.*

IT is always safe to say, "Spring is coming!" It is always risky to declare, "Spring has come!"—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

Nothing contributes more to digestion than the use of Dr. Sieger's Angostura Bitters. Don't accept an imitation.

Established 1823.

# WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!



*c. j. taylor*

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### COMMON-PLACE WORK.

VISITOR.—Now, honestly, are they really your ancestors?  
MR. NEWRICH (with dignity).—Naw! I'm a self-made man! It took me to make myself, but any old artist could make my ancestors!

# The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Home Office Newark, N.J.

LIFE INSURANCE

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

AGE: 15 to 70

Both Sexes

AMOUNT: \$15 to \$10,000

John F. Dryden President

FORBEARANCE is that heaven-sent quality which enables us to get along with a neighbor who insists on keeping a dog when we much prefer to keep a cat.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

### Prize Offer of One Thousand Dollars to Artists.

For the best, finished colored design (single or serial) for a

1900 Art Calendar

we will pay

One Thousand Dollars.

Qualifying points: Appropriateness, Treatment, Sentiment.

Entire freedom allowed as to conception and arrangement. Rough sketches will be considered, but obviously at a disadvantage.

Competition Closes June 1st, 1899.

We reserve the right to reject any and all designs. Those not accepted will be returned.

Armour & Company,  
Chicago.

### Comfortable Shoes. \$4.

Gentlemen's Shoes.  
Health-giving Shoes.  
Good fitting Shoes.

Shoes that give you character.  
Send for Catalogue free.

Ralston Health Shoe Makers,  
Campello, Mass.

An Accurate Knowledge of Distance is essential to the efficient use of a wheel. If you doubt this, try a

**Veeder CYCLOMETER**

FOR A WEEK. It is the only accurate distance recorder for bicycles . . .

Its merit has eliminated competition—90% of modern cyclometers are Veeder Cycloometers. Price, \$1. 20,000 miles and repeat. Dust-proof, waterproof, positive action. On the "Trip" Cyclometer, price \$2, the indicator is so arranged as to set back to zero separately, like a stem-setting watch, after each trip. Parts cannot be disarranged. Cannot register falsely unless actually broken. No delicate parts.

Made for 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch wheels.

VEEDER MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.



"My son follows the medical profession."

"Where did he study medicine?"

"Oh! he is n't a doctor; he 's an undertaker."—*Vale Record.*

BELLE.—Is Willy raising whiskers?

BEULAH.—Well, I would n't like to dignify them by calling them whiskers; I think whiskerettes would be more proper.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**OPIUM** and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.

Morning, Noon, and Night Fast Trains to the West — Via NEW YORK CENTRAL.



AFTER SHE KEPT HIM WAITING.

SOPRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMAN

CROPPER.—Yes; I must confess that punctuality is one of my favorite virtues.  
MISS WAITE.—Well, cultivate patience;—it is equally important.

**ORIGINALITY.**  
TO SIMPLICITY AND GREAT  
STRENGTH THE QUALITY  
MOST APPRECIATED IN A  
BICYCLE IS ORIGINALITY.

**Rambler**  
BICYCLES  
"20 year old wheels"  
are noted for their originality,  
simplicity, great strength and  
fair price.

1899 PRICE  
**\$40**

Agencies everywhere.

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New York, Brooklyn, Detroit,  
Cincinnati, Buffalo, Cleveland,  
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**Collar Button  
Insurance**  
GIVEN WITH EVERY  
**Krementz One-Piece  
Collar Button . . . .**

Made of One Piece of Metal  
Without Seam or Joint.....

You get a new one without charge in case of  
accident of any kind. *The Story of a Collar  
Button* gives all particulars. Postal us for it.  
All jewelers sell **Krementz** buttons.

**Krementz & Co., 39 Chestnut St.,  
NEWARK, N. J.**

NOTHING is less interesting than to discuss  
what to get for dinner, right after breakfast.—  
*Washington Democrat.*

IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT  
Drink  
**OLD BARREL RYE WHISKEY**  
FOR SALE IN EXCLUSIVE  
HOTELS, RESTAURANTS &  
CAFES.

**ANGELO MYERS, Distiller**  
Philadelphia, Pa.

AN UNRELIABLE  
BRAND.

"He said he would  
brand me as a capri-  
cious coquette."

"What did you  
say?"

"I told him he talked  
as if I were a can  
of something to eat."

—Detroit Free Press.

A QUESTION OF  
SYNTAX.

"Miss Boston is  
going to adopt the  
divided skirt for  
wheeling."

"Does she call the  
garment *it* or *them*?"

—Yale Record.

What is  
Your Work?

If you are dissatisfied  
with your situation, your sal-  
ary, your chances of complete  
success, write to The International  
Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa.,  
and learn how others so situated are getting  
an education.

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trical Engineering, Architecture, or any of  
the Civil Engineering Courses are  
soon qualified for salaried draft-  
ing room positions. Write  
for pamphlets.

The International  
Correspondence Schools,  
Box 918  
Scranton,  
Pa.

HIS INVESTMENT.  
"What did your  
friend do with all his  
money?"

"It's tied up just  
at present," answered  
Senator Sorghum.

"In speculation?"

"Well, kind o'. The  
Legislature's in a  
deadlock." — Washington Star.

THERE are too  
many of us who im-  
agine that an iron-  
clad resolution, born  
every few hours, is all  
there is to being eco-  
nomical. — Atchison  
Globe.

"WHY did Bill get pinched?"  
"He called a policeman a lobster." — Yale Record.

## Waltham Watches

are always  
guaranteed to be  
free from any defect  
in material or  
construction. The  
makers particularly  
recommend the  
movement engraved  
with the  
trade mark  
"RIVERSIDE"

Made in various  
sizes for ladies  
and gentlemen,  
and for sale by all  
retail jewelers.

"The Perfected American Watch," an  
illustrated book of interesting information  
about watches, sent free on request.  
AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH CO.,  
WALTHAM, MASS.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM  
Use the Great English Remedy  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
Safe, Sure, Effective. 80c. & \$1  
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.



# Brings

Sunshine into the lives of

# Mankind

Like the cup of true

# Happiness

It has no dregs.



**JOHNSON'S  
DIGESTIVE  
TABLETS**  
DIGEST ANY KIND  
OF FOOD KNOWN  
TO MAN

**RODERICK DHU**  
THE REAL OLD SCOTCH  
M. F. FRAME, Sole Agent, 11 Broadway, N. Y.

**THE  
WALL  
STREET  
JOURNAL**

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NEWS-STANDS.

**Arnold  
Constable & Co.**  
Carpets, Upholstery.  
Country House Furnishings.

Oriental Rugs.

Brussels and Wilton Carpets.  
Japanese and Chinese Mattings.

Lace Curtains.

Muslin Draperies, Chintzes, Beds and Bedding.

Broadway & 19th st.  
NEW YORK.

POINT FOR WHEELMEN.

WHEELMAN.—I believe I'll give up bicycling. I am as careful as can be, but every now and then some accident happens. This is the second time I've been arrested and fined for running into people.

BUSINESSMAN.—I'll tell you how to manage. Just you get a job as bill collector. Everybody will dodge you then.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

# Pepsalt...

is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellars with **Pepsalt** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. **Pepsalt** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

Price 25 cents, postpaid.  
THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO.,  
43 Sherill Street,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

**PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION**



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THE CARETAKER (living rent free and anxious to remain).—Dere wuz a man lookin' bout buyin' de place dis mawnin'.

FRIEND.—Did he see all de t'ings what's de matter wif it?

THE CARETAKER.—No; I had ter show him some ob dem.



IN RING PARLANCE.

MISS FOX.—Papa, why does a young man give his fiancée a diamond ring?

MR. FOX.—Oh! that's the forfeit he puts up to insure a fight.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

ANY man can sell a patent medicine by claiming that it is good for brain fag; all of us believe we are suffering with brain fag.—*Atchison Globe*.

# Wool Soap Safety

You can tell by the looks of Wool Soap that it's pure, and you're sure when you use Wool Soap that it's pure. No deception about it. Just pure, white soap, safe and agreeable in TOILET AND BATH. If your dealer doesn't have it, send us his name and we'll send you a cake free.

Swift and Company, Makers,  
Chicago



7 YEARS OLD

NOTHING BETTER  
MADE OR SOLD.

Matured in wood  
and bottled in bond  
under Governmental  
Supervision.

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# YOUR ARM



can be enlarged one inch and wrist strengthened 50 per cent.  
IN ONE MONTH by using the

**HERCULES**

Graduated Gymnastic Club and Strength Tester. Unlike Indian clubs, BUT ONE CLUB IS REQUIRED FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

With this club the arms and chest can be developed in less than one-half the time required by cheat weights, dumbbells or any other apparatus known.

Send stamp for descriptive pamphlet and price list to

**"HERCULES," Box 8350 C, Boston, Mass.**

THIS WRETCHED WEATHER.

"Where on earth are my woolen slippers?"

"Don't scold so, Papa. George was here last night and he forgot to bring his ear-muffs, and it was storming so hard when he went home that I let him use your slippers."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"MY SON," said Mrs. Ape to her youngest, "take your mother's advice: don't monkey with the Dago."—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

SOME men are so interested in the monkey stage of their evolution, that they forget they are now men.—*Ram's Horn*.

WE would give a good deal for the contentment and complacency of the man who uses big words wrong.—*Washington Democrat*.



My Great-Aunt Elizabeth resembles  
The willow-tree beside a wimple brook,  
She is so supple, tall and slender;  
Just like an etching in a vellum book  
Of some *La Belle Dame sans mercie*,  
With coifed curls and skirts of cramoisie; —  
The kind that had so many silk-clad beaux,  
And wore rosettes upon her graceful toes.

My Great-Aunt Elizabeth was young  
Some thirty years or more ago,  
And, if contemporaries tell it right,  
She was a most outrageous flirt, also;  
'Most every young man in Northamptonshire  
For love of her was ready to expire;  
And when she danced the minuet, 't is said,  
A heart was always mangled 'neath her tread.

My Great-Aunt Elizabeth has lost  
The dewy gold and rose she used to wear,  
But still is she a queen and holds a court,  
And is beloved by gallants, I declare; —  
One rides a hobby-horse, 't is true,  
And he reduplicates her eyes of blue;  
The most delicious, dimpled, kilted beaux  
Now bow and worship at her slipper toes!

Elizabeth Dupuy.